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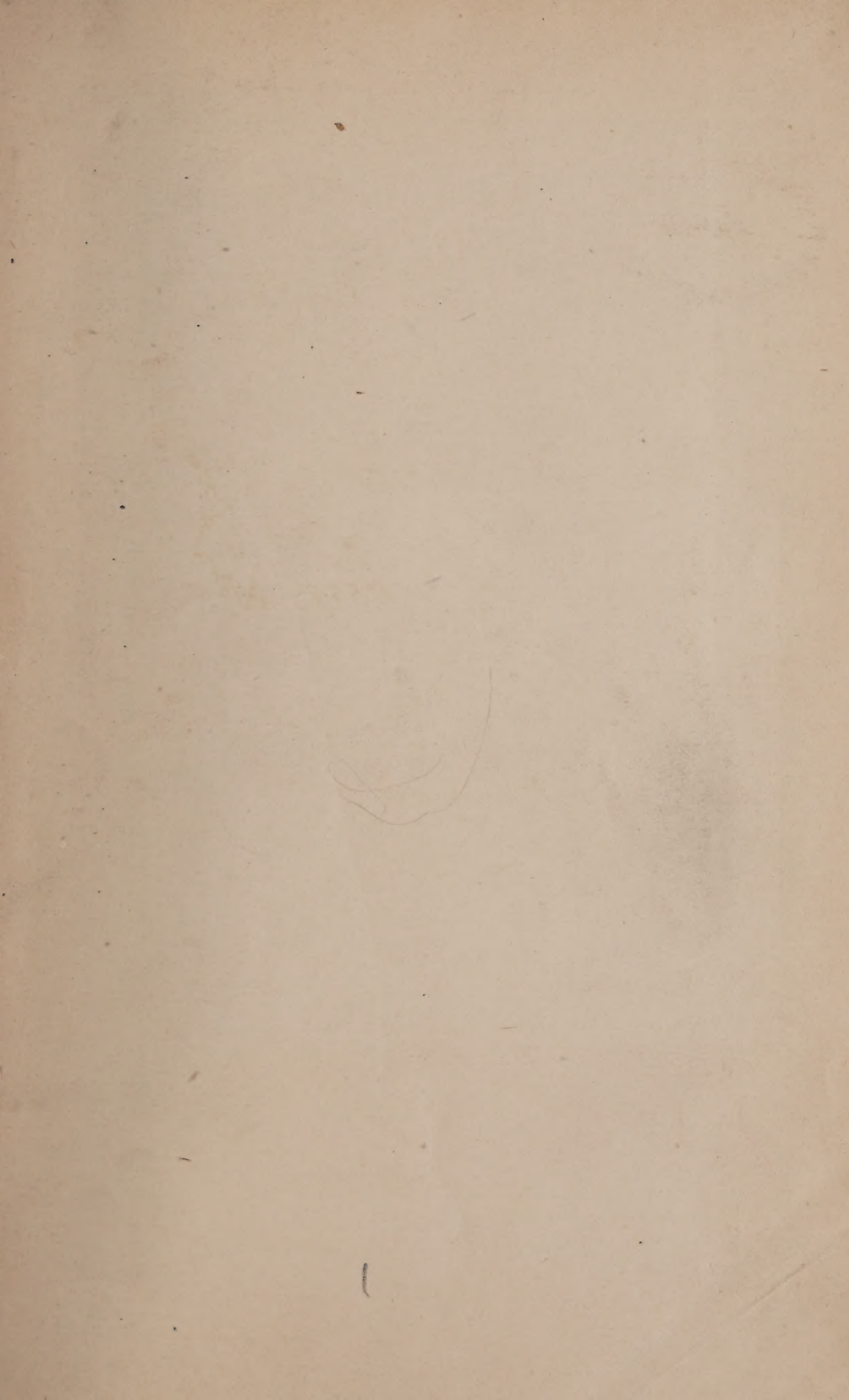
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THE
BLOOD TRAFFIC

AND
ITS CONCOMITANTS,

BY
REV. JOHN A. B. WILSON,

OF THE
WILMINGTON ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH.

PRICE, FIFTEEN CENTS.

BOSTON:
FRANK WOOD, PRINTER, 352 WASHINGTON STREET.
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NORTH EAST, MD., Sept., 1876.

REV. J. A. B. WILSON:

Dear Brother,—Having had the pleasure of hearing you preach a sermon on "The Blood Traffic and its Concomitants," I think the publication of it would be of great benefit to many who have not enjoyed the pleasure of hearing it, and must request that you have it (and the one which preceded it, on the same subject) published in pamphlet form, at my expense. If this is agreeable to you, you will do the community and myself a very great favor.

Very truly yours,

DELAPLAINE MCDANIEL.

M. E. PARSONAGE, NORTH EAST, Sept., 1876.

MR. D. MCDANIEL:

Dear Brother,—I thank you for your generous appreciation, and will comply with your request. But, having no written notes of the discourses to which you so kindly refer, and owing to the pressure of other duties, it will require some time to reproduce and prepare them for the press. It shall be done at as early a date as practicable, however.

Yours, fraternally,

JOHN A. B. WILSON.

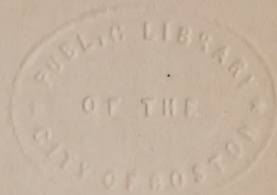
TO THE READER:

I consider the above a sufficient apology for this publication.

For statistics, and some other suggestions, I am indebted to the Methodist Almanac of 1875, the Golden Rule of May 31st, 1875, and to that conquering hero in the temperance cause, Rev. Pennel Comb.

J. A. B. W.

(2454)
AUG 21 1889



THE

BLOOD TRAFFIC AND ITS CONCOMITANTS.

“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken.”—*Hab. ii: 15.*

THERE is a traffic in our midst which bears on its face the blood of men and the curse of God. Concomitant upon it are habits detrimental to personal welfare, and subversive of the interests of society. The text mentions the one and suggests the other: “Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth thy bottle to him and makest him drunken.”

In the presentation of this subject, I give you fair warning to look for no “new thing.” I may not aspire to the presentation of new facts, fancies or ideas on a subject which has for so long received the attention of the best minds of the country. I do aspire, however, to restate facts and to recall truths, perhaps half-forgotten by some of you, and deduce lessons therefrom and apply them as I may be able, for the glory of God and the weal of man. In the prosecution of this design, my endeavor will be, first, to show the ruin wrought by the liquor traffic; and, secondly, to fix the responsibility.

I. The ruin wrought by the liquor traffic. At this point I find myself in a broad field of carnage and death, where the specimens are so many and ghastly, that I may but sample the heaps of Ruin’s harvest; endeavoring to make such truthful representations as will give each peculiar cast of mind an idea of its devastations.

Some of you see things most strongly from the standpoint of finance and political economy. The inquiry on your lips is, What does it cost? Will it pay?

From the most reliable statistics* I find that our imported liquors, at ten cents a glass, retail at \$79,695,408; our domestic distilled, at \$369,119,082; our fermented liquors, at \$168,000,000; total retail

* Methodist Almanac for 1875.

cost to consumers, \$616,814,490. "Merely to count this sum, at \$20,000 a day, would take a man one hundred years. In one-dollar notes, it would cover 20,446 acres of ground. If in gold, and loaded in wagons, it would fill 1,045, of a ton each, and make a procession six miles long. If in silver, it would require 14,230 wagons, and the procession would extend seventy-five miles;" and all this representing but one year's consumption in this country alone.

* "According to the census of 1870, New York spent \$106,590,000 for intoxicating liquors, or more than two-fifths of the value of her agricultural products, and nearly one-seventh of all manufactures, and nearly two-thirds of the wages paid for both agriculture and manufacture. The liquor bill was but little less than double the receipts of her railroads."

"The same year Pennsylvania spent \$65,075,000, which was one-third the value of the products of agriculture, nearly one-tenth of her manufactures, more than two-fifths of wages paid, and about three-fourths of the receipts of her railroads, though there are more miles of railroads in Pennsylvania than in any other State in the Union."

"The liquor bill of Illinois, the same year, was \$42,825,000, or more than one-fifth of the value of the products of agriculture, a little less than one-fourth of her manufactures, and about \$10,000,000 less than all the wages paid in all the agricultural and manufacturing industries of the State, and only \$11,000,000 less than the annual receipts from all her railroads."

"Ohio paid for liquors, that year, \$58,845,000, which was more than one-fourth of the value of her agricultural products, more than one-fifth the value of her manufactures, and only a little more than \$6,000,000 less than all the wages paid for labor in the State, and nearly as much as the receipts of all her railroads."

Yet these figures show but a part of the cost in dollars and cents. There are about 150,000 licensed liquor shops and 560,000 persons engaged in the manufacture and sale, and 750,000 drunkards in the United States. Now to the enormous figures before given must be added the loss of time and productive industry of this great army of manufacturers, sellers and drunkards. Consider the capital invested in the business and in buildings, and the loss of time and productive industry of the 1,310,000 dealers and drunkards whose wages, if they averaged \$400 per year, would amount in the aggregate to \$524,000,000. Think of it—five hundred and sixty thousand persons engaged in the traffic! More than twelve times the number of clergymen, four

* From the Golden Rule, May 31, 1876.

times the number of teachers, and nearly double the number of lawyers, physicians, ministers and teachers combined, and perhaps about half as many more in the unlicensed trade. 150,000 licensed saloons, and likely as many more grogeries, against 128,000 schools and 54,000 churches. Then consider the \$90,000,000 it takes to meet the expenses of the 100,000 criminals, made so by this traffic; to which must be added* twenty per cent. of the idiots, forty per cent. of the insane, ninety per cent. of the paupers, and eighty-six per cent. of criminals, the expense of supporting which, runs high up into the millions. And it must not be lost sight of that a large percentage of the accidents, disastrous both to life and property, at sea and ashore (certainly not less than fifty per cent., and more likely seventy-five), have their origin in the drink habits of officers and employés. A gentleman largely engaged in the manufacture of iron told me that sober men did not break machinery, and that his rule was to discharge all others from his works as soon as their habits of drink became known. It is not the sober conductors and engineers that collide with other trains, nor sober switch tenders that misplace switches. Sailors know that a majority of marine disasters are the result of drunken captains and mates.

Now estimate this outlay, men of finance, and see what it costs, and tell me if it pays. The actual expense of the drink habits of the American people in two years would pay the national debt, besides keeping up all the expenses of government. Including the indirect expense, it would do it in one. How long can our nation live with this terrible incubus upon her resources, this cancer at her vitals and this palsy upon her strength? With such political economy it would seem that we would work out the problem of our own ruin in the near future. The retail consumers now actually pay more for intoxicants than all the States in the Union paid in 1860 for flour, cotton and woollen goods, boots and shoes, clothing, books, newspapers and all other printing.

But we derive a revenue from the traffic. Yes, dollars are added to the revenue from this source, and hundreds taken from it in palsied industries, increased criminality, pauperism and idleness. Truly there is a gain, but it is on the principle of letting in at the spile and out at the bung.

But all are not financiers. Some of you are more concerned to know of *the moral influence of the traffic*. What is its influence on the morals of the nation? That business, practice or teaching is conducive

* See Golden Rule, May 31st, 1876.

to morality, which lessens the rate of crime. But the drink traffic *increases* it, and that in a ratio terrible to contemplate. State Prison statistics show that in this country eighty-six per cent. of all the inmates were led to crime by strong drink. The United States Commissioner of Education for the year 1871, in his report on the relation of education to crime in New England, says:

"The fourth fact is, that from eighty to ninety per cent. of our criminals connect their courses of crime with intemperance. Of the 14,314 inmates of the Massachusetts prisons, 12,396 are reported to have been intemperate, or eighty-four per cent."

"At the Deer Island House of Industry (Boston), not included in the above figures, of 3,514 committals, 3,007, or eighty per cent., were for drunkenness; fifty-four more as idle and disorderly, which commonly means under the influence of drink; seventy-seven for assault and battery, which means the same thing; and forty eight as common night-walkers, every one of whom is also a common drinker. We have of this prison, therefore, a full ninety-three per cent. whose confinement is connected with the use of drink. And this may be taken as a not exaggerated sample of many municipal prisons. In the New Hampshire State Prison, sixty-five out of ninety-one admit themselves to have been intemperate. Reports were asked from every State, county, and municipal prison in Connecticut, in the spring of 1871, in reference to the statistics of drinking habits among the inmates, and it was found that more than ninety per cent. had been in the habits of drink by their own admission."

"The warden of the Rhode Island State Prison, and county jailer, estimates ninety per cent. of the residents of his cells as drinkers."

"These figures do not cover the mere temporary arrests for drunkenness and disorder, nor the facts of the municipal places of detention, where the percentage of drunken criminals will be most striking."

Judge Gilpin, who was for many years Chief Justice of that most moral and best-governed section of the Union, the State of Delaware, was heard to say in open court, in 1873, that, for the twenty years in which he had been connected with the courts of the State, nine-tenths of the criminality with which the courts had had to do, was directly traceable to intemperance. In harmony with this was the blessed experience in that State, in 1854-5, under a strictly prohibitory law, when the jails and poor-houses were literally emptied, and the courts had nothing to engage them.

But these facts by no means answer the whole question as to its moral influence. There is not a commandment of the Decalogue but

is broken—not a principle of moral law but is defied by this traffic. *What is idolatry*, of which the *first* and *second* speaks, but “the substitution of any creature in the place of God as a source of human happiness and support? He who fixes his love and hope on any finite being more than upon God, substitutes it for God and makes it his God.” And we know that the whole whiskey traffic, from beginning to end, has its origin in a supreme “love of money, which Paul characterizes as the root of all evil,” and “covetousness, which is idolatry.” No man makes or sells “liquor” because he is a moralist or philanthropist, but because “there is money in it;” and for this he forgets duty to God and man, and the things that belong to his own peace.

Whence *do the profane*, from the common swearer to the perjurer, draw their inspiration but from the fires of the still. The profanity and ribaldry that make night hideous and shock the sensibilities of the pure would not be heard but for the strong drink imbibed by those who utter it. With reference to the *fourth commandment*, the dram trade knows no Sabbath; and its votaries, without exception, are not only practical Sabbath-breakers, but from the traffic has grown a formidable organization,* whose avowed purpose it is to destroy the American Sabbath, the sanctity of which is already totally disregarded by them.

Concerning the *command with promise*, “Honor thy father and thy mother;” like Satan, who said to the first tempted, thou “shall not surely die,” it contradicts the Almighty Ruler and negatives his positive injunction, substituting dishonor for honor; and by its demon influence incapacitates for anything but obedience to its dark behests, sending the son home to stamp upon the tender fibre of their hearts, and even to abuse and beat and murder. Aye, *it kills*. It sharpens the murderer’s knife and stimulates the suicide to his work; then nerves the arm for the fatal blow. And not one case in ten of these crimes would occur but for the accursed drink. The rumseller kills his customers, but first sets them to killing each other and those who touch not his beverage of hell.

With reference to the *seventh commandment*, how many living in shame or pining in guilty obscurity recognize in the glass of ruby wine the agent that inflamed the blood and banished discretion from the portals of reason. Few, indeed, are the lapses from virtue where total abstinence is the rule of life. None are safe in the presence of temptation and opportunity when inflamed with wine. There is danger even in a single glass. The house of the strange woman is

* “Sons of Liberty.”

always hard by the place where drink is sold. And when the latter is banished, the former disappears. The city of Portland, with a population of 30,000, when drink was banished, lost every house of shame. American, English and French physicians estimate eight out of ten as the proportion of prostitution caused by drink in these nations.*

Shall I speak of *theft*, and *false witness*, and *covetousness*? Every rumseller is a thief as well as a murderer, no matter whether his place of business be a low groggery, a gilded saloon, or a grand hotel with a high-sounding name. He takes the substance of his victim without rendering an equivalent; and in all other matters where men receive injury, "the law provides that the consent of the party injured is no mitigation of the offence." But the rumseller is not only a thief himself, but he makes thieves of his victims. More than eighty-six per cent. of the stealing done in this country is traceable to this traffic. And as for *false witness*, it is well known that rumsellers will swear to anything; and many of us know experimentally how hard it is to convict them of the most flagrant violations of law, because of the facility with which they forswear themselves and influence their victims to do the same. Rev. Pennel Comb, in one of his valuable temperance papers, says: "Every one knows that men, when debauched by alcoholic drinks, will swear to anything required of them, especially by the liquor sellers. The liquor traffic produces *official* perjury to a fearful extent in this land. Members of Congress and the Legislature perjure themselves when they sell out to whiskey rings and brewers' associations. Judges of courts have perjured themselves when they granted license in violation of laws. Grand and petit juries have perjured themselves when they refused to find true bills against liquor sellers, or to convict them for violations of law." And we have lately had a striking example of this in the discoveries of whiskey frauds in the West, and the wholesale perjuries of government officials, who sold themselves for its reward. The liquor traffic causes more false swearing than all other causes combined.

And as to *covetousness*, which is an improper desire for another man's property, it is the corner stone of the whole liquor traffic.

What else is there which produces all the crimes prohibited by the Moral Law? There is not a crime in the dark register of infamy that the liquor trade does not father and foster.

Its influence on human happiness is terrible to contemplate. Almost five millions of our people are tipplers, nearly a quarter of a million of whom are women. Of this army of moderate drinkers one in thirty

* Rev. Pennel Comb.

becomes a drunkard every year, going to keep full the constantly depleting ranks of our seven hundred thousand drunken men and fifty thousand drunken women. What an army!—seven hundred and fifty thousand drunkards!—one hundred and fifty thousand of whom annually find the drunkard's grave, and alas! we fear, the drunkard's hell. This is more than seventeen for every hour, and one for every three minutes and eight seconds.

What an ocean of misery do these figures indicate; what blighted hopes, what tears, what sorrow and suffering! How it obliterates brightness and stirs gall in all the nectar of life! Who can compute the misery of a drunkard? No one realizes his degradation more keenly than himself. What vows of amendment—what self-reproaches—what promises to be a man; yet all obliterated by the first temptation, like letters on the strand before the returning surf.

Seven hundred and fifty thousand drunkards and five hundred thousand of the tippling army, who already find themselves within a few months of the drunkard's brand, now bound by iron chains which they once mistook for wreaths of flowers. They have turned to burning, binding iron, now; or rather, the flowers have withered and shown the fetters they but concealed while their perfume numbed the sensibilities, and deprived of will, force and power of resistance. And now, from their faded petals serpents glare and laugh at the calamity they have occasioned. Alas! their own remorse and grief is not the whole; there are other hearts that ache. Of the army of seven hundred and fifty thousand drunkards, and five hundred thousand so-called moderate drinkers in imminent danger of becoming drunkards, suppose half of these have fathers and mothers, suppose half have wives and husbands, suppose half have sisters or brothers, suppose half have children, and we have a host of three million one hundred and twenty-five thousand so immediately and nearly connected with the drinkers as to be affected by their disgrace and rendered miserable by their overthrow. Think of it—that a hundred thousand and less (besides employes) of manufacturers and sellers may amass wealth without earning it, more than three million of innocent persons must endure shame and sorrow, and suffer the destruction of peace and hope, while the blood of one hundred and fifty thousand annual victims cries unto God from the ground, and their hundred and fifty thousand souls take up their lamentation in the abode of the lost. “Be not deceived,” . . . “No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.”—*I. Cor., vi: 10.*

Yet, the rumseller says to me: It is not your province to interfere

with my business ; “ let it alone and it will let you alone.” That has not been the experience of the three millions. I will show you a lady of culture and refinement, but little past middle age, yet prematurely old. See, there are lines of care in her face not drawn by the finger of Time ; there is silver in her hair not bleached by the frost of winters ; there is a sad pleading in her eyes that enlists your sympathy. What makes her sad and careworn ? Her home is pleasant, her children bright and intelligent. See the family as it gathers about the tea-table. Do you observe the elder boy, but just in his majority, whom she regards so fondly and yet so sadly ? Notice his hurry to be off at the conclusion of the meal. But, quick as he is, mother meets him in the hall, and, with hand on his arm, and tear-dimmed eyes, pleads—“ Edward, be careful of your company, and return early to mother to-night.” He smiles at her caution, and with a hasty kiss, says : “ Mother, you are nervous ; never fear for me—I can take care of myself.” The night wears away ; the family have all retired save the anxious mother and—another. The clock strikes eleven, then twelve ; she bends her ear at the sound of every footstep. One o’clock, and no Edward. Hark ! there is a step, a noise at the door ; the night-key rattles in the lock. She meets him in the hall as he returns from—where ? Face flushed, he avoids the mother’s kiss of welcome ; he knows the tale his breath will tell. A thickly-uttered good night, and with unsteady step he seeks his chamber. The mother, with a great choking sensation in her throat, seeks hers. God help her ! Sounds of weeping and of agonizing prayer come from within her chamber as the night wears away.

Now you know the artist whose rough hand chisels the lines in her face and whitens her hair. That boy is killing his mother. Young man, you are killing yours. How differently she looks since you began to drink and spend your evenings from home. You say you love her, and should another insult that woman you would wash your hands in his blood ; and yet *you* are killing her—her peace, her hope, her joy—and cutting with rude gashes down into her very life. How much more terrible are the wounds of a child than of a stranger, your mother knows but too well. Thousands of young men are doing this very thing to-day. God pity them, and the poor creatures who gave them birth, and are now drinking wormwood and gall at the hands of their own offspring.

Aye, drinking men with families, what has it done for you and yours ? You remember when, before the altar of God, you took her by the hand who was fairer and better, to your thinking, than any other, and

inhabitants the citizens of the town are competent to say whether they want the liquor traffic amongst them or not; and these gentlemen from a distance have no right to force the thing on us without our desire or consent. Frequently I dare not permit my children to play in the front yard because of the profanity of drunken men in the street, made drunken and profane in these licensed places—licensed only on the endorsement of parties who, with their families, are out of reach of the moral miasma of these breathing holes of hell of their own creation. These gentlemen had much better built amongst us a pest-house or small-pox hospital, and filled it with inmates: that evil would have been preferable to the moral contagion that emanates from the bar-room. In the name of courtesy and of humanity, I protest! What have I or my family done that these gentlemen should assist in establishing a bar-room within a few steps of my door? If they want whiskey, let them get it. If they want it sold, let them place the seller near their own dwellings. But though a mistaken and corrupt government has given them the power to annoy and injure me and others, they cannot give the right to do so. Might never makes right.

Others still are answerable. They do not sign petitions, rent property for its sale, or make the laws, yet they make the law-makers; and that man who knowingly votes for men who are unsound or unpronounced in their opposition to the liquor traffic is responsible with them for the result of their actions. I will go yet further. You have no right to absent yourselves from the primary meetings where delegates or candidates are chosen. As things go now, these meetings are literally packed by corrupt politicians and rumsellers, and the selections are made in the interests of the latter. Christian man, you sin against Heaven and home when you leave these important matters in such hands. Absence is a crime on such occasions. The public good, the interests of morals and religion, demand your presence. It is as truly your duty to be present and active with voice and influence as it is your duty to pray. O, if Christian men did but act and vote as they pray, a tidal wave of reform would sweep over our statute book, obliterating the God-dishonoring, man-destroying license laws; and *incorrigible* rumsellers would view the beauties of nature through grated windows, and luxuriate on rations furnished by the State. But, alas! as things are now, God and honor and truth must all succumb before the Moloch of party politics. Sirs, the voters of this and of other States are largely accountable for the devastation of the rum traffic. By honest votes they could have

destroyed it long ago, and would not. And the remark certainly applies to those who (knowing their sentiments on this point) helped to seat the last legislature of this State, which did business at Annapolis in 1875. Gentlemen of this community laid before that body, last winter, a petition largely signed by citizens of this town, praying for a restoration of the old local option law, than which nothing could be more democratic. And you know with what result. The whole matter was treated with contempt. But mark the sequel. A few days after his unsuccessful suit, one of the petitioners was assured by a noted lobbyist that for a thousand dollars he would certainly secure the passage of the bill, and that the money need not be paid until the work was done. What a spectacle! The legislature of the great State of Maryland on sale. Peddling out enactments for clandestine cash. Lobbyists drumming for trade. Accommodating terms, goods warranted, cash only on delivery. Look at this a little closer, if you please. The act would be ensured for one thousand dollars. The agent would hardly be content with a lesser remuneration than twenty per cent., which would leave but eight hundred dollars for the purchase of legislators. The Senate was composed of twenty-five members, five of whom we will suppose to be conscientiously in favor of the bill, and ten incorruptibly against it. This would necessitate the purchase of eight senators to secure its passage in the Senate. Eighty-four members composed the House of Delegates, ten of whom we will suppose to be in favor of the bill, and twenty incorruptibly opposed to it; hence the purchase of thirty-three would be necessary to secure the measure in the House. Here then are forty-one to be bought for eight hundred dollars; which would be an average of nineteen dollars and fifty-one cents and a fraction to each man. That is what one might call cheap. Statesmen at nineteen dollars and fifty-one cents per head, subject of course to the usual fluctuations of trade. Now suppose these forty-one savans average one hundred and fifty pounds each, thus we find that their price is but little more than thirteen cents per pound; cheaper than beef by far. In our town sirloin steak retails at fifteen cents per pound, but here are legislators of a sovereign State thrown upon the market for but thirteen, quoted almost as low as pork. What a spectacle! How must they feel who sent them to the capitol to make laws, to know that they are hung up like pigs in the market, and about as cheap? Don't say I do them injustice. They rejected the petition on its merits, and this proposition comes after that rejection; and it would have been bribery whether the money or the influence

of the manipulator secured its passage. That man is bought in every case who is influenced other than his sense of right, no matter what the question, occasion or circumstance. From my heart I sympathize with the *honest* men of that body. Certainly there were some in both Houses who could not be reckoned as available assets or merchantable commodities.

But, to return to the subject, legislators are not all who sell cheaply. I once knew a well-to-do farmer assign as a reason for signing a rumseller's petition, that the fellow had treated him very cleverly. "Why," said he, "If I am in town of a rainy day, he always puts my horse under his shed." And so he sold out for a few days' stabling for his horse. Said a man in trade, "I signed because Mr. Rumseller was an old customer, spending annually hundreds of dollars with me. I did not like to do it, but under the circumstances I could not get out of it very well. 'One good turn deserves another,' you know." Was it a good turn to help him into that accursed business? You sold out for a customer, or under a mistaken idea of obligation. You were very cheap, indeed. Says another, "I did it because I wanted to spite somebody whom I knew would not like it if I signed." You sold yourself for revenge. You were very cheap, my friend. "Well, I didn't care to offend him by refusing," says another. Yes, but you did not object to offending God, and outraging the moral sense of the community. You were also dirt cheap. It is a saying among unprincipled men that every man has his price. If that is true, I would advise you all, my friends, to set it a little higher than any of these have done.

But these are not all who are responsible. You know very well that he who furnishes weapons to a murderer, in full knowledge of the use he will make of them, is accessory to the crime of murder; if, indeed, he be not a principal. The one who rents property to facilitate the sale of rum, and the manufacturer, does this, as does also the farmer who sells his grain or fruit to the manufacturer to be converted into the beverage of hell. It has been a matter of painful astonishment to me to see men, professedly Christian, manifest their gratitude to God for abundant harvests by turning the God-given blessing into a withering, blighting, damning curse, for a moneyed consideration. And how will they answer, in the great assize, for this perversion of Heaven's bounty?

If accessories assist, aid, help forward, and abettors propose, incite, *encourage*, is not he at least an abettor who lends the mantle of his own respectability to create toleration for the criminal and

moderate indignation against his crimes? And is not this his precise relation to the crimes of the liquor traffic, who extends to the rumseller the courtesies of social and business recognition? I do not mean that the rumseller has no claim upon society. He certainly is entitled to the earnest and faithful labor of those who seek to save souls, and his claim for this kind of attention is just, as strong as that of those already locked up within prison walls. Save him from his business, and his soul from death, ye men of God! Make him the object of works of mercy and of humanity, whenever he needs such attention. But he, in common with other violators of the rights of man, is an enemy to society, and should be ostracised from all its privileges and immunities, as other criminals are ostracised, and for the same reasons: that his power to injure may be diminished and that others also may fear.

I deprecate the practice which prevails in many weak churches, of accepting financial aid from the rumseller. It is simply selling him a little fictitious respectability. I have often heard church stewards say, "O yes, it is a bad business, but he is a good-hearted fellow; he gave us ten dollars last year, and never refuses to contribute when we call upon him." Don't touch the Judas gold; it is the price of blood. If he wants to be benevolent, tell him to buy a Potter's field, in which to bury his dead. He kills enough, the Master knows. I would rather be short in my salary than be helped from such a source.

He was a consistent temperance man, and friend of man, who declined to sell coal to a rumseller for the only reason that he was a rumseller. That is a position we all should occupy,—and that, not from malice, intolerance or hate, but from pure love for man. True philanthropy demands it to-day. And it is not an injury, but a kindness to the rumseller himself. He will not hate and forsake his sin while it is respected by others. The practices of the criminal classes will not rise spontaneously above the level of public sentiment.

Moderate drinkers, and all men of respectable rank in society, who frequent the rumseller's place of business or residence, or extend to him any social or business recognition, or who defend—or by word or deed allay and prevent a public sentiment against his traffic, are with him guilty, to the extent of intent and influence exerted.

Sirs, the liquor traffic is a mighty power for evil in this land, to-day, because of the countenance it has received from the men and women of social position and character. Certainly it is not the drunkards who sustain and give to it a respectability which renders it potent to mislead and destroy.

How many of you have injured the cause of truth and right, even in the years to come, by your unguarded, and perhaps unjust, criticisms of temperance men and methods. Your fireside conversations on the subject have neutralized all the blessed influences of these workers on the minds of your children. And as they grow up, the germs of error thus planted by you will develope in their lives, until, with all their father's gusto, they will denounce earnest and advanced temperance thoughts as fanaticism. And many of them, going beyond his teachings, will become moderate drinkers, and end as sots.

God help us! Even Christian parents are doing more than they realize, to keep full the black roll of drunkards. Instead of swearing your children to eternal hate and the most radical effort against the drink demon, they learn from your lips to regard it as much abused by fanatics, and perhaps to consider it a good thing in its place, from your frequent *medicinal* quotations.

And this is not all. I think I know a mother who often wonders how her son became intemperate, in spite of religious counsel, the family altar and Sabbath-school. Ah, mother! it was the home-made wine, prepared by you, and proffered with your own hand, that awakened and developed the accursed appetite. Blame no one but yourself for his fate, when you follow him to the drunkard's dishonored grave. Have a care, mother, what you do with the fruit of your garden. Have a care, father, of the subjects of your fireside conversation and your method of treating them. Remember you are moulding the minds of the next generation. Have a care! God will hold us strictly accountable for our words and thoughts and influences.

There are yet other drunkard-makers, however. What means the display of patented bitters and tonics on the shelves of so many drug stores? Every intelligent druggist knows that the fancy names they bear but serve to disguise the commonest brand of corn whiskey, and so deceive the unwary seeker for health. And hundreds, even of Christian men and women, lured by these false signals, are innocently seeking relief from real or imaginary ailments in the use of them; but, instead of improved health, find themselves in the grasp of a demon appetite, which in many cases proves their overthrow; while the author of their misfortunes pockets the money, and wonders how such persons could possibly become drunkards. I tell you, sirs, he who sells alcoholic patented or unpatented medicines, promiscuously, is as truly a rumseller as the man who retails whiskey over a bar, and as guilty. Even more so, for he operates under false colors, while the other acts without disguise. In the one case, it is the cloven-

footed, horned devil, whose character all may discover ; in the other, it is the self-same devil, disguised as a health-giving angel. And I cannot withhold my protest against the too common practice of selling alcohol, bottled wines and liquors, when they are morally certain that they will be used convivially, and not medicinally. And the same remark will apply to the reckless sale of opium, which is bringing disaster to so many homes.

I do not deny that alcohol may be useful, and *perhaps* in some cases necessary, as a medicine. Yet it is always dangerous, and never proper for men to prescribe for themselves. A godly physician once remarked to me, as he prescribed brandy for a patient, low with typhoid fever, "I never do this in any case but with fear and trembling, it proves to be the beginning of a drunkard's life with so many." None can be too careful who handle it, even medicinally, and it is criminal to take advantage of the ignorance and inexperience of the afflicted to put this agent of misery in their hands, under an innocent designation. If you sell poison, you label it poison ; and if your unholy greed for gain prompts you to sell rum, in the name of humanity call it rum, and not elixirs, cordials, tonics and bitters.

But a man objects, "Your strictures are too severe altogether. I have known good men who both drank and sold liquor, but you denounce both as guilty of moral wrong, and one as a murderer." Still another says, "What good comes of all this preaching and lecturing on temperance? The more you talk against rum, the more men drink and sell." I have actually heard these statements made. They may both be answered together.

It is true that men once believed alcohol to be a creature of God, nutritious and very important, if not absolutely necessary, to comfort and health ; and hence to be received with thanksgiving, in common with other blessings of Providence. It is true, the most careful and exhaustive scientific research has exploded that theory, and branded alcohol a poison. But while the old theory obtained, good men both drank and sold it. At least such was the case in the morning of the temperance reform. But the talking and the writing, and the efforts put forth in the interests of that reform, have driven all Christian men out of the business ; so that in all this broad land not one Christian man is engaged in the liquor traffic. And more, it has about driven all respectable men from the business. You join issue with me? Of course you do ; but even the license laws of the country recognize and respect the correctness of the view I have advanced. If you wish to sell dry goods or groceries, you have but to apply and

pay for license to do so, and no questions are asked. But on the other hand, if you wish to sell rum, the law takes for granted that you are a bad man, from the selection of business you have made, and requires such evidence to the contrary as is not known in any other case, either civil or criminal.

The evidence of two men of good character will convict of murder in the first degree, and secure the execution of the convicted. But the evidence of *eleven* freeholders is not sufficient to establish the character of a would be rumseller. No matter what the social and moral standing of the eleven, no less than twelve will satisfy the law that the applicant is sufficiently respectable to sell rum. In all other cases the law supposes a man to be innocent until he is proven guilty. In this, however, the fact of vileness is so patent that the rule is reversed, and the evidence of twelve required to overcome the force of the presumption.

But why pursue the subject further? Ye makers of license laws, and makers of the law-makers! Ye twelve sponsors for the traffic! Ye apologists! Ye amateur drunkard-makers, and all other accessories and abettors! know that you have inalienable property right and title in the ruin wrought by the traffic, in common with the principals in the crime. You have ownership in the degradation, desolation, and damnation of the drunkard. You have stock in the heart-anguish of his wife, a dividend in her tears, an interest in her children's hungry cries. You have stabbed their happiness and hope, and stirred wormwood in their beverage of life. Look on your hands! There is blood there, and weeping will not wash it out.

Friends, you are cognizant of the ruin, and acquainted with the cause; and you know that the evil cannot be removed by encouraging the occasion of it. I call upon you, as citizens of this great Republic, to antagonize this rebellion against her interests, this incendiary of her wealth, this destroyer of her life and honor. It is not enough that ye be neutral in the presence of treason. To be silent, in the face of this wrong, is to be an ally with the wrong, and privy to the ruin wrought.

Christians, I appeal to you. Behold the most potent foe of all righteousness. Forty thousand of your rank and file, and one hundred ministerial leaders, it takes from you annually. Ye sworn opponents of wrong! Ye soldiers of Emanuel! this is the mightiest enemy of your king. Your business is not to temporize, or compromise, or moralize, but fight it to the death. Silence is falsehood; sympathy, perjury; inactivity, treason.

Friends of humanity, I appeal to you. Philanthropy finds its highest development in rescuing the victims of this adversary, and curtailing its power of evil.

Fathers, mothers, I entreat you, barb not the arrow that shall pierce you through with many sorrows.

Employers, your interests demand that you join against this vice. It minimizes your dividends, by breaking machinery, loss of time, and imperfect work ; and by incapacitating for business all who meddle with it. By example, precept, and all moral effort, dissuade those within reach of your influence from dallying with it.

Working man, I beseech you, have no fellowship with this unfruitful work of darkness. It will not give you strength, and cannot give you peace. It will rob you of money, character, and skill ; and will destroy the happiness of your family, the comforts of your home, and prevent your ascent to affluence, and honor—and Heaven.

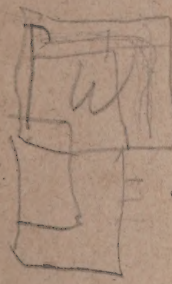
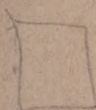
Young men, with high hopes and laudable ambitions, hear my appeal. Would you make your lives sublime, ennoble humanity, and bless the race, war against this foe that seeks to wither your laurels, chain your liberties, and steal your manhood.

Young ladies, the responsibility of mighty results lies concealed in your quiet influence. I would enlist you against your remorseless enemy, the insidious demon, that would obliterate the glad light from your eyes, consume your beauty to ashes, and change your ringing laugh to a funeral dirge for ruined hopes. Would you be the fireside angels of happy homes, rather than disconsolate mourners by deserted hearths ? Would you, to the fullest possible extent, have life a sunbeam ; existence, a beatitude ; your days, a benediction ? Then, be the uncompromising opposers of the drink demon in all guises, and men shall praise you, while others will rise up to call you blessed.

Children, the secret of forty years hence is with you. The welfare of the nation, and the glory of the church, humanly speaking, depend upon you, the axioms from which you reason, and the principles which inspire your conduct. And these will be but the development of childhood's thoughts and impressions. Would you enhance your country's weal, and facilitate the approaching triumphant reign of the Prince of Peace ? Would you bring aliens to his feet, and crown him Lord of all ? Then make no treaty with this incarnation of sin and enemy of righteousness—the liquor traffic. And let eternal enmity to it be prominent in your oath of fealty to country and to God.

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